

LIVE OAK DAILY DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON
EXCEPT SUNDAY.

J. P. SHERWOOD, Editor and Mgr.

THE LIVE OAK PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Entered at the post-office, Live Oak, Florida, as Second Class Mail Matter, November 7, 1905.

THE DAILY DEMOCRAT will be mailed to any part of the United States, postage prepaid, for \$5.00 per year; \$2.50 for six months; \$1.25 for three months, or 50 cents for five weeks, in advance. Delivered to any part of the city by carrier for 10 cents per week.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

For Member of Congress, 2nd Congressional District:
FRANK CLARK, of Columbia.

For Justice of the Supreme Court:
CHAS. B. PARKHILL, of Escambia.
JAMES B. WHITFIELD, of Leon.

For Railroad Commissioner:
NEWTON A. BLITCH, of Levy.
R. HUDSON BURR, of Dade.

For Member House of Representatives:
W. R. DORMAN.
W. H. MCCLELLAN.

For Tax Assessor:
A. D. HEMMING.

For Tax Collector:
J. N. MEEKS.

For County Treasurer:
G. B. LORD.

For Member of School Board:
M. A. ADAMS.
R. M. CARVER.
E. R. WISE.

For Member Board County Commissioners:
M. L. BURNETT.
J. C. DAVIS.
J. H. GRANT.
W. A. TISON.
J. J. DEMPSEY.

Secretary Taft, down in Cuba to patch up peace between the government and the insurgents, telegraphs to Washington that he has "broken the ice" in his negotiations. The avordupois of Mr. Taft is getting in its expected work.

The "Housewarming" edition of the Pensacola Journal yesterday morning issued to celebrate the recent occupancy of that paper of its handsome, new quarters built expressly for it, was one of those triumphs in special editions, of which the Journal has more than a few to its credit. Only newspaper men will fully appreciate the magnitude of such an enterprise.

The Democrat asserts that the assessed values in Live Oak have increased from \$600,000 to \$1,750,000 in the last three years. The Democrat exultantly exclaims: "Now let some other city in Florida beat this." Just wait until Apalachicola secures a hitch on her suspenders.—Apalachicola Times.

Positively we can't wait. Hitch your suspenders enroute if you want to keep up with Live Oak. We've got our gait and we make no stops.

The whipping post may be a "relic of barbarism" in this age, as the kid-glove reformers who keep at a safe distance from the problems they simpler over, say it is, but it did some excellent and salutary work up in Delaware last Saturday when thirty burning lashes were laid on the naked back of a negro rape fiend as a starter towards his imprisonment of fifty years in the penitentiary. The whipping post was abolished too early in the other states. It's just as good medicine now as it ever was and is much oftener needed now than at any time in the past. To be effective punishment must be dreaded, and to be dreaded it must hurt.

The resolution passed the other day at Fort Myers by the newspaper men and others on the Everglades excursion endorsing the drainage scheme, will hardly add to the prestige of that enterprise if we judge by the vigorous protests coming up from some of the editors supposed to have voted for the resolution. The excursion was not "packed" in the interest of drainage, but was made up of newspaper men and others of various opinions on that subject, and it was in questionable taste to introduce such a resolution on an occasion supposed to be purely non-partisan on the much discussed issue. Editors hostile to drainage were silent from motives of courtesy when the vote was put, but they have given it out plain enough since in their papers that their silence did not imply consent.

AT THE COURT HOUSE TONIGHT.

Let everybody in Live Oak interested in the education of the children of our city come out tonight at the educational rally at the Courthouse. The program will be of a most entertaining character, and its moral effect upon our schools just starting off for the session will be measured by the spirit of the meeting. Let us all come out and give Professor Edwards and his splendid faculty a cheering send-off in the arduous duties ahead of them that will make them realize how to completely our people are interested in their work and how cordial is the moral support they extend them. It will be an evening well spent, and among other features will be some good, stirring speeches by prominent citizens deeply interested in our local educational interests and well qualified to talk about them.

THE WARNING OF ATLANTA.

The increasing number of criminal assaults upon white women by negroes in and around Atlanta has so thoroughly aroused the people of that city that at last they are moving in the right direction and have started in to destroy the loathsome negro dives, saloons and "clubs" that abound by hundreds in that city, and which undoubtedly constitute the chief breeding ground for the rape fiends.

Bloody riots like the one of Saturday will grow in number and magnitude unless systematic measures of piteous severity are adopted against the worthless negro element. And what is true of Atlanta is true of the whole South. The mighty industrial development now in progress in this section has brought the negroes by hundreds of thousands from the fields and farms and put them on the public works, and the change has been all for the worse as respects the attitude of the negro as a citizen, and a law-abiding member of society. In increasing numbers they are going into vagabondage and crime, and all over the South there should be quick measures taken to organize a vast police system to make such war upon vagrancy as will make an idle negro afraid to show his head in a public place. A crisis in the problem seems to be approaching, and the whole body of the Southern whites should arouse as though the tocsin were sounding in their ears—not for riot or race war—but for a mighty, far-reaching vagrant "drive" in city and town and country that shall not end until the chaingangs have been re-enforced by thousands and every negro in the South is engaged in some lawful occupation. And the white loafers should be put to work, too, but the danger is not from them—the ranks of the rape fiends show no white skins. Now, as ever, our hope is in the law, the plain letter of the law, and its stern enforcement, and if we are content to make a mere "spurt" in that enforcement and then relax the vigilance upon which our salvation depends, there may come a time when this rising tide of negro crime will call for very different action if we are to save the South and keep it habitable for white people.

You can't keep old North Carolina down. Her splendid sons go to the front everywhere. The great Western city of St. Louis has just dismissed her chief-of-police for inefficiency in office and appointed in his stead Captain E. P. Creedy, born in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, where his ancestors settled over two centuries ago, and from where the new chief went into the Confederate army as a boy and served with gallantry under Lee from start to finish, except for some months in a Northern prison. He has been on the St. Louis police force since 1877, and is described as a highly educated man, a gentleman and a scholar, with all the more virile qualities necessary for his new office. The South has sent thousands of her sons into the West since the civil war, and in the stirring competition on common ground out there of the robust manhood of America from every section of the Union, the survival of the fittest always shows that a full proportion of the winners are those whose hearts answer to the call of their native Dixie.

The Live Oak Democrat certainly "spoke a parable" when it let fall the following pregnant paragraph from the business end of its editorial stylus:

"The people who raise sugar and oranges in this country had better be oiling up their kickers for vigorous work. Suppose the Cuban rebellion

ends in the annexation of that island to the United States and suppose the annexation is made on a free trade basis. Can our sugar and oranges compete with the products of that country with the duty off."

Some of the Jingoists in this state—some of the hot-heads, who, without pausing to analyze it, instinctively admire President Roosevelt's foreign policy—would do well to let the concentrated wisdom contained in the above quotation percolate slowly through their systems. Were Cuba once admitted to the Union—or even annexed—an agonized wail for free trade would inevitably go up from her planters; and were the demand granted, our farmers and fruitgrowers would soon find themselves between the devil and the deep sea. The best time for a man to do his thinking is before it is too late. It is not yet too late in this case—but, from present indications, it soon will be.—Pensacola Journal.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, likewise the humorist, sure-enough or merely alleged, when he finds a helping hand to pull him out of the dust, set him on his pins, pat him on the back and tell him that he's the "real article." Our good friend, General Law, of the Bartow Courier-Informant, took occasion recently to hold up one of our poor little jokes by the hind legs, and in that pose it didn't show to advantage. But with the fierceness of outraged paternity, we sought to protect and vindicate the luckless bantling and made a few remarks to that effect. And now just see how the General comes back at us in the last issue of the Courier-Informant, and by a masterly flank movement compels our unconditional surrender.

"Great goodness, gracious! Bro. Sherwood, did you think we were really in earnest in our little fling at the 'spell' joke, when we only wanted a chance to throw that venerable horse chestnut and to air our own smartness by turning a little 'spell' joke into a 'capital' one. 'Vanity of vanities!' just see the result, 'a crushed humorist,' 'set down upon and flattened out.' But like the dying swan whose last notes are its sweetest, this 'budding humorist' so ruthlessly overwhelmed, utters a strain of such delightful humor as to make his critics itch to resort to the crushing process at very short intervals. No, indeed, Bro. Democrat, the 'ferocious old duck' of the C.-I. won't do any real pouncing upon any such a 'junebug' as that. We won't even tie him by the leg, as the boys used to do in our young days, to limit his flight and hear him hum. Rather would we have him give free rein to his fancy that we might oftener enjoy those pleasant 'spells' thrown around us by the 'volatile essence' of his humor. No, no Bro. Democrat, the old duck is a very kindly one and would, if he could, pluck some of his softest feathers to cushion the editorial seat of the Democrat, if that would contribute ever so little, towards keeping it what it is, 'a humor.'"

Voting Contest.

Fla. Book Supply Co. Voting Contest for the most popular young lady in Live Oak, as they stand September 24, 1906: Miss Mamie McAlpin, 865; Miss Sue Hemming, 840; Miss Isla Brown, 432.

WELL WORTH TRYING.

W. H. Brown, the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at Barclay & Groover's drug store.

At the Baptist Church.

A splendid congregation of fully four hundred people enjoyed the services at the Baptist church last night. Mr. Ridley was out of the city at the morning service, but returned in time to meet his evening congregation. It must be encouraging to a pastor to be greeted by such crowds as wait upon Brother Ridley's ministry. During all the long hot summer the people were faithful.

The ordinance of baptism was administered last night to Mr. John Lavinka, and Mr. H. M. O'Neal joined as a candidate for baptism and will be baptized next Sunday night. Several of the pastors of the city have recently been preaching on the subject of "Revival," and would seem that the revival has already begun. Next Wednesday night at the prayer-

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meeting, it was announced that the subject would be a word study of "Power."

Brother Ridley's sermon last night was on "Things That Make a Church Strong," and he enumerated several among which were these: (1) Loyalty to the Word of God. (2) Intelligent Christian Living. (3) Fidelity to the Church, Its Worship and its Work.

Dissolution.

The copartnership heretofore existing between C. E. Humphreys and A. L. Humphreys under the firm name of Florida Novelty Works, is this day dissolved, A. L. Humphreys retiring. C. E. Humphreys will continue the business assuming all liabilities and collecting accounts.

C. E. HUMPHREYS.
A. L. HUMPHREYS.

September 21, 1906.

A FAMOUS OLD HYMN.

Pathetic Origin of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well known hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," which was written by Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry.

It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Molesey, in Yorkshire. Six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heart-broken. Men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Fawcett at last, "I cannot bear this! I know not how to go."

"Nor I either," returned her husband, "and we will not go. The wagons shall be unloaded and everything put in its old place."

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination. Dr. Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining his case and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than \$200 a year.

This hymn was written by Dr. Fawcett to commemorate the event.

FASTING FADS.

They Should Find No Favor With Nervous, Anaemic People.

It is said by some physicians that a good deal of the insomnia, extreme thinness and general debility from which Americans suffer is due to the various fasting fads. Here a man

goes without breakfast. Another man makes a point of going to bed. Another systematically a meal at noonday, and another Where people are constitutions low par and in a position to can only hope to maintain a gree of efficiency by keeping vitality such "stunts" as thin, anaemic, nervous people, with iron nerves and that can negotiate nails, making themselves with impunity. Thin, anaemic, nervous people, other hand, generally need to they can eat and all the can make. If such people before going to bed they ally see an increase in reason that while the wear the body were suspended assimilation would still be In other words, the body making more tissue than it hence an increase in blood and in health. At least way one physician explained a woman of the pale, thin type plied to him "all run down," York Tribune.

A Humming Bird's Tale.

In front of a window where ed one summer was a butternut. A humming bird built her nest limb that grew near the window. We had an opportunity to closely—in fact, we could into the nest. One day was a heavy shower coming thought we would see if she her young during the rain. The first drops fell, she came in her bill one of two or three leaves growing close by and leaf over the nest so as to cover it. Then she flew away examining the leaf we found it, and in the side of the nest small stick that the leaf was to or hooked upon. After the was over the old bird came unhooked the leaf, and the nest perfectly dry.—Exchange.

The Fiddle Drill.

The "fiddle drill" is one of the stonecutting tools in existence said to antedate Greek sculpture is in use today in about the same as it was 2,000 years ago. As implies, its action resembles a The drill is of two pieces. In one a carver holds the drill stock, like a carpenter's brace, except it is straight instead of having In the other hand he holds the which is strung with a brass which is given a turn around the stock. To use the drill the places the drill stock against the holding it with his left hand, his right he draws the bow forth, fiddle fashion. This rotary motion to the drill the drill is ground to cut in either it turns. The fiddle drill is used in the finest work. In crevices where sculptor could not reach with his and hammer without endangering carving.

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